

永田耕衣

HAIKU SPIRIT Translation: Gilles Fabre

Cherry blossoms ~

ploughing near the paddy field

all their stamens in full view

Snails mating

piercing each other's flesh

A firefly

illuminates

another firefly, dead

Plum tree's red flowers ~

a ball of air

comes out of a box

Having caught only water

the winter weever fishing man

goes home empty-handed

A swallow rises ~

my bowels

grow old first

The highest

is this large butterfly

with sleepy wings

Death is coming

some laugh under the plum trees very loudly

In this world of dreams

I grow onions ~

solitude

## YOTSUA HISTORY OF HAIKU

Cherry blossoms.

Working in the paddy

We see all their stamens.

Snails copulate.

One's flesh eats into the other's.

Fences stand

In the field, habitat of snakes.

She sews clothes.

A catfish laughs.

It thinks of other catfishes

In other ponds.

Hairs fall

Also to my back.

Oh, mountains and rivers !

A firefly

Lights up

Another firefly dead.

Red plum blossoms.

A ball of air

Leaves a box.

Fire burns grasses

And comes to lick us.

A child lick it back.

To a pink

The time of the tiger

Comes flying.

Falling cicada.

Somebody has already fallen in advance

A HAIJIN FROM HELL- KEN JONES

a black icicle

my slip up

but what a sight !

a cat in heat dedicates himself to love

I cut a lily

time stops

like a flying arrow

a morning glory

one hundred visits

and my mother will die

a winter crow

steps forward

the scene steps with him

furrows

left alone to play

in the moonlight

how lonely!

cultivating stone leeks

in this world of dreams

the guts age first

the skylark

soars

an old cat straining, shits –

in such a pose

my mother dies in winter

old square bottle

all

transparent and cloudy

a weary man

lost in thought

an aged butterfly

between his thighs

the autumn wind –

in my belly

the face of a maiden

my joints laugh with the catfish

wriggling in my hands



ROT BOY SPRING

an old cat straining shits

in such a pose

my mother dies in winter

my head

a hole?

camellia-fall

a firefly

lights a firefly

dead

lonely

growing onions

in this world of dreams

snails mate

the flesh of one

eats into the other's

death is coming

under the plum trees

some laugh loudly

死近しとげらげら梅に笑ひけり  
夢の世に葱を作りて寂しさよ  
恋猫の恋する猫で押し通す  
うつうつと最高を行く揚羽蝶  
夏蜜柑いづこも遠く思はるる  
いつかたも水行く途中春の暮  
天心にして脇見せり春の雁  
近海に鯛睦み居る涅槃像  
後ろにも髪脱け落つる山河かな  
カットグラス布に包まれ木箱の中  
腸(はらわた)の先づ古び行く揚雲雀  
死螢に照らしをかける螢かな  
泥鰯浮いて鯰も居るというて沈む  
コーヒ店永遠にあり秋の雨  
遺影妻春や雲公してくるよ  
大晩春泥ん泥泥どろ泥ん  
踏切のスベリヒユまで歩かれへん  
枯草の大孤独居士ここに居る

Laughing heartily at the plum blossoms, as death draws near  
In this world of dreams, growing spring onions—oh, the loneliness  
A cat in love insists it is the cat that loves  
A swallowtail butterfly, gliding gloomily towards its zenith

Summer mandarins seem far away wherever I look  
Everywhere, water flows on its way as spring draws to a close  
Facing the heavens, yet glancing aside, the spring geese  
In the nearby sea, sea bream gather in harmony, like a statue of Nirvana  
Even behind, hair falls away—such are the mountains and rivers  
Cut glass, wrapped in cloth, inside a wooden box  
The skylark's entrails grow old first  
A firefly casting light upon a dead firefly  
A loach floats, and though they say a catfish is there, it sinks  
The coffee shop stands forever, autumn rain  
A portrait of my wife: 'Spring, the clouds are coming'  
Late spring, mud, mud, mud, mud, mud  
I cannot even walk to the slippery grass by the level crossing  
The great solitude of withered grass: the hermit dwells here

Translated with DeepL (<https://dee.pl/app>)





Koi Nagata- **575fudemakase**

Growing onions in a dreamlike world, how lonely I feel (from "Donkey's Song Collection," 1952)

When snails gather together, meat seems to enter them. (From "Donkey's Song Collection," 1952)

If I visit my mother a hundred times, she will surely die. (From "Donkey's Meow Collection," 1952)

Hair falls behind me as well as the mountains and rivers. (From "Suimo-shu," 1955)

The boy is like spring sixty years later (from "Ran'i," 1970).

◆First Period: The Era of 'Kako' and 'Gosho'

田にあればさくらの芯がみな見ゆる

絵馬の蜂牡丹の蜂に混りけり

よこたはるからたち垣や秋の暮

さへずりのかたまりやすき真風かな

山川に洗ひし髪のかもりけり

石の上に踏みし枯藺や十二月

父の忌にあやめの橋をわたりけり

夏鹿の面を横に歩きけり

尾をあげて尾の下暗し春雀

If you're in a rice field, you can see the entire core of the cherry blossom.

The bee on the votive tablet was mixed in with the bee on the peony.

A horizontal lilac hedge, autumn twilight

Makaze is a knack for making loud noises.

My hair, washed in the mountain stream, is now cloudy.

Stepping on a stone, I see withered rushes in December.

I crossed the iris bridge on the day of my father's death.

He walked sideways, his face like a summer deer.

A spring sparrow with its tail raised, hiding its tail from the darkness.

◆Second Phase: The Search for Origins and the Fulfillment of "Donkey's Song"

月の出や印南野に苗余るらし 『與奪鈔』

豆の芽のうす色指して行く我ぞ

瓜苗やたたみてうすきかたみわけ

夢の世に葱を作りて寂しさよ 『驢鳴集』

かたつむりつるめば肉の食ひ入るや

他の蟹を如何ともせず蟹暮るる

行けど行けど一頭の牛に他ならず

朝顔や百たび訪はば母死なむ

甘瓜やなほ歩かねば死ぬを得ず

もう種でなくまつさをに貝割菜

夏蜜柑いづこも遠く思はるる

The moon rises, and it seems there are surplus seedlings in Inamino. (From the "Yodatsu-shō")

I am moving forward, my face turning pale like a bean sprout.

Melon seedlings folded and separated into thin pieces

Growing onions in a dreamlike world, I feel loneliness. (From "The Donkey's Song")

If snails gather together, will meat be eaten into them?

The crabs spent the day without paying any attention to the other crabs.

No matter how far you go, all you see is a single cow.

If I visit my mother a hundred times, she will die.

Sweet melons, but if you don't keep walking, you won't die.

No longer seeds, but pine leaves and radish sprouts

Summer oranges seem so far away everywhere.

◆Third Period: The Era of "Suimōshū" and "Akuryō"

厄介や紅梅の咲き満ちたるは 『吹毛集』

天心にして脇見せり春の雁

近海に鯛睦み居る涅槃像

後ろにも髪脱け落つる山河かな

蟬交む乳白色の部分かな

腸の先づ古び行く揚雲雀

佇ちなやむ人間といひあやめといひ

老人やみみず両断され共に跳ね 『悪霊』

泥鰌浮いて鯰も居るというて沈む

野を穴と思い跳ぶ春純老人

夢みて老いて色塗れば野菊である

How troublesome it is, the red plum blossoms are in full bloom - from the Suimōshū

The spring geese, with their heads in the sky and their sides exposed.

A reclining Buddha statue with sea bream swimming together in nearby waters.

Hair falls behind me, like a mountain or river.

Perhaps it's the milky white part where the cicadas mate.

The first to age in the intestines, the skylark

Whether it's a person standing still in turmoil or an iris

Old men and earthworms are cut in two and jump together in "The Evil Spirit"

Loaches are floating, and catfish are also present, but they sink.

Old man Haruzumi jumps, mistaking the field for a hole.

If you dream and grow old, and paint them, you will become a wild chrysanthemum.



◆Fourth Period: The Blossoming and Abundance of "Ran'i"

白桃の肌に入口無く死ねり 『閑位』

晩年や空気で冷える夏の海

少年や六十年後の春の如し

男老いて男を愛す葛の花

空を出て死にたる鳥や薄氷 『冷位』

皆行方不明の春に我は在り

顎老いてひとひらの杜若かな

撫子や死なで空しき人のむれ

どの水も這うてつれなし春の暮『殺佛』

薄氷も夢やそよそよ秘晩年

汝(な)がまとめたる汝(なれ)の虻姿かな

コーヒー店永遠に在り秋の雨

春の野の思い溜りに嵌り行く『殺祖』

彼ノ蠅ノ矢羽ノ遙カナルヲ打(タ)ス

死ぬほどの愛に留まる若葉かな

龍の玉触ればこぼれ出て雌か

There is no entrance to the skin of a white peach; die. 'Ran'i'

The summer sea, chilled by the late-life air.

The boy is like spring sixty years later.

A man grows old and loves men - the kudzu flower

Birds that have left the sky and died, and thin ice. (From "Cold Position")

I am in a spring when everyone else is missing.

My jaw is aging, yet only a single iris blossom remains.

Carnations and a multitude of people who do not die in vain

Every stream crawls and is indifferent, in the twilight of spring. (From "Killing Buddha")

Thin ice is like a dream, a gentle breeze in my twilight years.

You have gathered together your own form, like a fly.

The coffee shop will always be there in the autumn rain.

Lost in the spring field, my thoughts are swept away. "Killing the Ancestor"

His fly's arrow feathers strike far away.

A young leaf remaining in a love so strong it could kill.

If you touch the dragon's orb, a female will spill out.

◆Fifth Period: The Energy of Decline Playing with "Matter"

寂しさをこぼさぬ蠅の頭脳哉 『物質』

金銀の夏は来にけり晩年祭

珈琲や葱を想いて熱かりき

晩年や左眼の涙を右眼容れ

男老いて春草の根を嗅ぎ見哉 『葱室』

たわむれに老い行く如し冬の海

金魚鉢我等死すこと明らかなり

夏草や宙に我が顔淡く見ゆ

肌に潰す秋の蟻この植物を 『人生』

春草の嬰をしやぶらせてよ晩年

河骨や天女を破りたる如し

あんぱんを落として見るや夏の土

人寂し優し恐ろし春の暮 『泥ん』

肛門を今蔵いけり夏の空

蛇臭き天よと思う齡かな

大晩春泥ん泥泥どろ泥ん

The fly's brain never spills its loneliness. (From "Matter")

The summer of gold and silver has arrived: A farewell festival.

I felt a burning passion thinking of coffee and green onions.

In his later years, he would put tears from his left eye into his right eye.

A man grows old and smells the roots of spring grass. - Negimuro

The winter sea, like growing old in playful abandon.

Goldfish bowl, our demise is inevitable.

Summer grasses, and my face faintly visible in the sky.

Autumn ants crushing on the skin, this plant, "Life"

Let me suckle the baby grass in my later years.

Like defeating a water lily or a celestial maiden.

I dropped the sweet bean paste bun and looked at the summer soil.

A lonely, gentle, yet frightening spring evening. (Muddy)

I'm now storing my anus under the summer sky

I'm at an age where I think, "What a snake-smelling heaven it is."

Late spring, mud, mud, mud